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Last week I analyzed in part a paper by Matthew Arnold, entitled *On the Modern Element in Literature*. In this issue I continue the analysis, with some comments.

To Arnold, the age of Pericles is a highly-developed, a modern, a deeply interesting epoch. This epoch, he continues, is adequately interpreted by its highest literature, especially by the poetry of Pindar, Aeschylus, and, above all, of Sophocles. Aristophanes, too, is an adequate representative of the age.

Arnold passes on to note that though, as we know, Menander was most highly esteemed, Menander has perished, Aristophanes has survived. Why? Because between Aristophanes and Menander, as the result of the Peloponnesian War and other causes, the noblest channels of Athenian life, those of political activity, had begun to dry up.

From that date the intellectual and spiritual life of Greece was left without an adequate material basis of political and practical life; and both inevitably began to decay. The opportunity of the ancient world was then lost, never to return; for neither the Macedonian nor the Roman world, which possessed an adequate material basis, possessed, like the Athens of earlier times, an adequate intellect and soul to inform and inspire them; and there was left of the ancient world, when Christianity arrived, of Greece only a head without a body, and of Rome only a body without a soul.

The last sentence of this quotation strikes me as a good example of that passion for phrase-making which is the bane of so much criticism, a passion for phrase-making which leaves the reader often so cold and makes him so distrustful of the critic and essayist. On Arnold's own showing there was not, at the time Christianity came, of Greece even so much as a head; it had lost its head some time before. Furthermore, there seems to me a petitio principii running through Arnold's paper. The term 'modern' is a sadly abused word. One hears ad nauseam of Petrarch as 'the first modern man'. But if he essays to discover what is meant by a modern man, he can get no satisfactory answer, because every answer is more or less subjective and personal. Mr. Arnold follows in the paper under review a very simple and satisfactory process; in a purely subjective way he posits certain characteristics as marking modern as distinct from ancient times and then proceeds to find those characteristics in the Greeks of a given epoch. Nothing could be easier for the critic with phrases, consciously or unconsciously, as the goal of his writing, but a hard-

headed, logical reader is likely to take exception both to the method and to its results.

When Arnold said that there was "of Rome only a body without a soul", he was writing in the spirit of German disparagement of Latin literature, a spirit imported into certain literary circles in England by Coleridge and Carlyle (see Sellar, *Virgil*, 69, 71-72; *The Classical Journal* 3.251 ff.). That spirit affected English scholarship so deeply, in spite of its outward adherence to classical tradition, that even Conington, Vergil's greatest expositor in England, spoke of the *Aeneid* in apologetic terms.

But let us return to Arnold. The great period of Rome, he says, is perhaps the greatest, the fullest, the most significant period on record, but Latin literature does not adequately interpret that period.

Lucretius, argues Arnold, is modern, as modern in his *feeling* as Thucydides was modern in his *thought*. Lucretius is modern in the feeling of depression, of *ennui* which marks his poem, especially in the latter part of the third book. But his poem is not adequate: "how can a man adequately interpret his age when he is not in sympathy with it?" From the multiplied activities of life, continues Arnold, Lucretius withdrew himself and bade his disciples withdraw from them; he is overstrained, gloom-weighted, morbid; and he who is morbid is no adequate interpreter of his age. This criticism of Lucretius I leave to some professed Lucretian to answer in detail. I shall only remark here that a writer who is gloomy, morbid, and depressed may well be an adequate interpreter, if not of his age as a whole, yet of a large part of his age. Whatever Cicero might say against the Epicureans as *minuti philosophi*, the Epicurean tenets did make their marked appeal to the Romans; in this respect Lucretius must have been an adequate representative of his age. If he was not, who could have been? why did the Romans preserve his poem? If Arnold's argument that the loss of Menander and the preservation of Aristophanes prove that the one was inadequate, the other adequate is valid, then by parity of reasoning we are bound to infer that Lucretius's poem survived because it was an adequate expression of something in Roman experience. Is not Arnold forgetting, also, that literature lives because, in addition to all else, it represents the universal and the eternal, not the temporary or the local, however splendid these may be. In what Lucretius says in Book III of the futility of pleasure,

he certainly adequately portrayed the experiences of many Romans, even of Epicureans, who living on lower levels than those occupied by Lucretius and his master sought to apply the doctrine that pleasure is the only good, the attainment of pleasure virtue.

Vergil, says Arnold, is not an adequate interpreter of his age. The epic form suffices for the representation of contemporary or nearly contemporary events; but to picture adequately the past the drama rather than the epic is needed. Arnold cites with approval the view of Niebuhr (well-nigh the last German to whom I should think of going for criticism of Vergil) that "Vergil . . . expressed no affected self-disparagement, but the haunting, the irresistible self-dissatisfaction of his heart, when he desired on his death-bed that his poem might be destroyed". To this consciousness of the inadequacy of the Aeneid Arnold traces that melancholy which every one sees in the poem! I prefer to apply to critics other than Arnold for views of the Aeneid; Leo, in his paper on *Die Originalität der lateinischen Literatur*, is a far safer guide.

Horace, says Arnold, is likewise inadequate; he lacks seriousness, as Lucretius and Vergil lack cheerfulness. Here Arnold is at the opposite pole from Mr. Verrall who, years ago, starting with the fact that in *Carmina* 3.30 and 4.3 Horace definitely connects his name and fame with the name of Melpomene, the Muse of tragedy, insisted that Horace wished his own world to regard him as a poet of melancholy. It is only by slow degrees that we come to see things, even simple things, in their right relations. Scholars long were troubled because Horace called himself the first lyric bard of Rome, and they sought diligently to explain why he overlooked Catullus (he knew Catullus well enough to borrow from him). Yet the answer was close at hand: Catullus was to the Romans, as Martial clearly shows, not a lyric poet in the stricter sense, but an epigrammatist, a point of which Mr. H. V. Canter has been at some pains to remind us in *The Classical Journal* 6.196-208. It is easy to make a selection of Horace's Odes which shall represent him as lacking in seriousness, as the poet only of wine, woman, and song; it is easy to overlook those Odes in which he considers, with seriousness enough in all conscience, the aims political, religious, moral which a good government should set before itself. It is easy also to take too seriously such expressions as that which concludes *Carmina* 1.6, to misinterpret the smile that ever plays about Horace's face, forgetting what he said of smiles in *Sermones* 1.1.23 ff. When I think e. g. of *Carmina* 1.12 as containing a muster rôle of the heroes of Rome, and connect it in my thoughts with what Suetonius tells us (*Aug.* 31) of the statues of the heroes of Rome which Augustus set up in his Forum, I see in Horace no lack of seri-

ousness, no lack of ability to represent adequately the deeper aspirations of his countrymen. It is easy to say of Horace that he took no part in the life of his day: but is this statement true? Was he not taking part in it, in yeoman fashion, by his poems relating to national affairs? Did not the shrewd Maecenas and the shrewder Augustus see rightly when they saw in Horace a valuable ally in the practical business of Roman life?

But space is running out. I must, however, say a word about Vergil. What was Vergil really trying to do in the Aeneid? Was he trying to give a picture of a past age? or was he trying to embody certain ideas, intangible, but none the less real, which had inspired his countrymen in the past and were their encouragement in the present and their hope for the future? If this was his aim, did he accomplish it adequately? who shall answer such a question? Arnold? or the Romans who gave to the Aeneid at once such an overwhelmingly enthusiastic reception?

Though I have ventured to dissent from the conclusions of a large portion of Arnold's paper, I commend its study. There is far more to be learned, often, from papers with which we disagree than from those which command our entire approval. In the case of the latter what Pliny says about long speeches too often applies (*Epp.* 1.20.13): *Practerea suae quisque inventioni favet et quasi fortissimum complectitur cum ab alio dictum est quod ipse praevidit.* C. K.

GRAECIA CAPTA¹

For the purpose for which the Classics have their inalienable value, ancient literature is one and indivisible. Because of the large truth we can pardon the untruth in Shelley's enthusiastic utterance: "We are all Greeks. Our laws, our literature, our religion, our arts have all their root in Greece". We are all Latins in our sense of social solidarity inwrought with our allegiance to the majesty of the State.

There is only one original literature, apart from the Hebraic, that has had any appreciable influence upon us. Schopenhauer's dream of the enlightening power of the Upanishads remains a dream. Within its large range Greek literature was universal in its sympathies and in its authority. It is preëminently the literature of classical antiquity, a world-literature transmitted to the world-literature of modern times by the Romans. By that mediating influence Latin literature came itself to form a part of the ancient world-literature.

Rome alone made a stand against the complete Hellenization of the culture of the ancient world. For two centuries, indeed, it was a question whether she was to create a literature of her own or to suc-

¹ An address delivered at a meeting of The New York Latin Club, November 19, 1910. Here and there the author is indebted to Professor Leo's sketch of Latin Literature. (The paper is reprinted, by permission from *The Educational Review*, February, 1911).

cumb, as had all the other cities of antiquity, to the overmastering Hellene, whose literature, philosophy, and art were reflected, as by so many multiplying mirrors, in the civilized societies into which they penetrated without effort and by the sole warrant of their enlightening spirit. The universal and elastic culture of the Hellenistic age, which worked directly upon Rome, was a culture unlike that of any one modern society; rather it is comparable to that interdependent culture of all modern societies which is measured in large part by the common standard of dependence on the ancient world.

The first tribute of the expanding Roman Republic to the sovereign literature of Greece was the creation of a new art—the art of translation—and it was the pride of the *poeta barbarus* that he was enfranchising in Latin speech and among his own people some part of the literary culture of the Hellenistic age. To within half a century of the fall of the Republic the literature of Rome is almost meaningless without its Greek background. At first the translators and adapters are in the ascendant. Livius Andronicus Latinizes the Odyssey and the Attic drama; Naevius Latinizes the Attic drama; Plautus translates, contaminates his Attic exemplars, while his cantica aim at reproducing the Hellenistic lyric. Meantime Ennius has driven the native Saturnian from the field as the meter of a national epic.

With the conquest of Greece there came a displacement of the earlier effort to depict the *national* life in the epic and in the drama. Increasing acquaintance with Greece, the influx of the Greeks, the presence in Rome of Polybius and the other hostages, the influence of the Scipionic circle, contribute to give an almost exclusively Hellenic character to the culture of the time. Terence draws closer than Plautus to his Greek models; the historians make an appeal to a wider audience than Rome could furnish: the very men who had struggled to keep off the Carthaginian wolf (as Lucilius called Hannibal) write Roman history in Greek; and even Cato, the arch-enemy of the cosmopolitan, Hellenizing temper of the age, reflects the lights of Hellenistic historiography; as his speeches show the influence of Greek rhetorical technique. The ideal of the time was the fruitful union of the native spirit of patriotism and morals with the culture of Greece. More potent than any other influence that became vital for Rome was the philosophy of the Stoa, which made its first impression through Polybius and Panaetius, later through Poseidonius,—a force that was to affect in such large measure the color of Roman ethics for three centuries, and therewith to determine Vergil's characterization of his hero as a person *par excellence* of moral responsibility; and to transform the meaning of Roman jurisprudence through its insistence on the doctrine of the rights of man.

The half century and more that is bounded by the

life of Caesar represents the full fruition of the new Graeco-Roman culture. The influence of Greece was never so powerful; but it has at last become a productive spirit. The older tendencies are still at work,—men like Sulla and Lucullus still write in Greek, perhaps less to gain a wider audience than to attest their superiority in another art than that of war. But the men of affairs, with all their Hellenic sympathies, are genuine Romans, not graecomaniacs. Of the poets, Lucretius creates something that the Greeks had never known. His physics are the physics of Democritus, his ethics are the ethics of Epicurus; the external form of his philosophical treatise is verse because Parmenides and Empedocles, in the absence of an adequate prose medium, had standardized the dactylic hexameter as the vehicle of expression for the treatment of the nature of things. But Lucretius puts a new life of passion into dogma, he recreates under the inspiration of rediscovery; as all great men only awaken the living force of that which sleeps. Catullus, most original of all Roman poets, doubtless because of the Gallic blood in his veins, reanimates Aeolic lyric and Ionic satire to find expression for the outpourings of his passionate love and rancorous spleen. In the sphere of prose Caesar is an Atticist in his Commentaries, which show the type of the Hellenistic histories of the achievements of great commanders. In Cicero the Greek influence is, of course, far more immediate and penetrating. The Laelius, the *De Officiis* certainly, the Cato probably, are based on single Greek models; indeed, all Cicero's philosophic studies, the solace of those years of cruel distress after Pharsalia, were, as he lets us infer, reproductions in his own words of Greek matter. The *De Oratore* has no Greek prototype, yet the whole temper of the work attests its profound intellectual debt to Greece. Only then does the orator attain to his ideal when, to the qualities of Roman patriotism and belief in the ethical standards of old Rome, he brings the rich fruitage of the culture of conquered Hellas.

The conquerors of Greece had now reached that stage in the development of their literary faculty when they sought to win for their own poetical achievements a place alongside of the literature of Greece. That that literature could be excelled or displaced they never dreamed. They lacked the imaginative impulse and the attendant virtue of invention by which alone they could have created works which might have claimed originality. So natural had been the process of readapting the work of the Greeks that the Romans did not even possess the notion of an imitative literature; and yet, while they were following their Hellenic models, they were creating for themselves a style that was all their own. In no period was this result attained with such distinctness as in the period that followed the fall of the Republic.

The poets of the Augustan age find their Greek sources in the Hellenistic and in the pre-Attic age. Vergil (in his first work) and Propertius derive their inspiration from the Alexandrians. Much of Propertius might, indeed, be put back into Greek without appreciable loss. It was his glory that he was enfranchising at Rome the muse of his masters Philetas and Callimachus; though the Roman has, after all, more passion and less restraint than the Alexandrian poet. For Cynthia has more flesh and blood than the fictitious loves of the Hellenistic bards; and more learning, too. Were she not herself schooled in mythology and the antiquities of the tender passion, she had not lent a willing ear to the learned parade of her Roman lover. The more sentimental passion of Tibullus freed the elegies to Delia from its Alexandrian ballast; and in the peaceful dreams of country life and its felicity he could refine upon those emotions which first found expression in the Ionian lyric.

It has often been said that dissatisfaction with the content of Hellenistic poetry turned Horace to the pre-Attics. This is true only in part; for the *Sermones*, with their dialogue with oneself as the other man, reproduce the Cynic criticism of society and its standard of values, Cynic practical ethics, Cynic satire. As Wilamowitz says, Horace would have laughed could he have heard Quintilian say, *Satira tota nostra est*.

Pre-Attic Horace is, of course, in his lyrics that voice the temper of riper years when passion had yielded to reflection. Archilochus, he says, led him to Sappho. It is preëminently only in their structure that the Odes are Greek; but the student who comes to Horace directly from Pindar will find in the Roman traces of the Theban's fusion of myth, moral precept, and glorification of the State. No Roman poet has so consciously and proudly as Horace acknowledged his indebtedness to those Greek models which he bids the *Pisos* con by day and night. His glory is to identify himself with the Greek singers; and he would be the 'tenth Greek lyric poet'.

But there is another Roman poet whose relation to his Greek models is of larger and more insistent interest. Vergil's epic makes an extraordinary demand—I will not say merely upon the ordinary student—but upon every teacher who has an adequate conception of his responsibilities. And if my presence among you has any reason, it is because I wish to speak especially to teachers of Vergil and to those interested in his study.

Vergil's art is impeded by the intrusion of a model between his imagination and tradition,—or, as Pope put it, Vergil found that nature and Homer were the same. In the *Aeneid*, the poet of the *Georgics* does not look directly at nature because Homer is in line of vision; or, if not Homer, then Pindar or Apollonius. His point of departure is not his own

perception. His comparisons, so far as they refer to natural phenomena, are all borrowed from the Greek. The range of Vergil's indebtedness to his Greek models includes not only mere externals, such as single words, phrases, epithets, similes, and metaphors. It includes not merely main motives (which the greatest of poets often borrow), but often trifling details; as where the archer in the funeral games hits not the bird, but the string to which the bird is tied. In the selection of actions Vergil is searching for scenes analogous to those of Homer; and even in the sphere of emotion (which he intensifies in part through the influence of the Greek drama and Hellenistic literature) he does not vivify to himself, he does not recreate, what the feeling of Aeneas was in a pathetic event; he thinks first and foremost how Odysseus expressed his emotion in an analogous situation.

Again, there are the less significant mistaken or less felicitous imitations; as *maria unida* for *ὕρα κέλευθα*; or in

inde lupi ceu
raptores atra in nebula, quos inproba ventris
exegit caecos rabies, catulique relict
faucibus expectant siccis, per tela, per hostis
vadimus haud dubiam in mortem.

In this passage, which imitates a scene depicted in the tenth book of the *Iliad*, the comparison of the heroes to the attack of wolves in a dark mist is less happily introduced than that of Homer, who says that Odysseus and Diomed "go through the dark night like lions"—where the lions serve to describe the courage of the chiefs, and have nothing to do with their nocturnal adventure. The Roman poet in his imitation of Homer not infrequently thus gives an uncongenial setting to a borrowed simile or motive. Just as the poets of certain later parts of the *Iliad*, Vergil, as Sainte-Beuve says, in his haste to find a place for all the fine verses graven on his soul, fears to lose the occasion for inserting each and all of his borrowed jewels.

Now the literary critic, or the Greek scholar, who comes to the *Aeneid* directly from the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, and thus descends from the high lands of an original literature in its highest expression to the lower levels of distinctly imitative craftsmanship where art has lost its perfect spontaneity, all in fact who approach the Latin epic with the modern prepossession in favor of art whose originality is the expression of personality, tend to depreciate the achievement of the Roman poet as a deliberate and pervasive imitation, of a kind and on a scale almost unknown in any age—an imitation whose every line, one is tempted to say, has its pedigree. For while Milton veils his slighter indebtedness to his predecessors, Vergil hides only his own invention, and lays bare his obligation to his models, especially Homer, from whom (he declared) it was as difficult

to steal a line as it would be to rob Hercules of his club.

But to condense into an undetermined statement all predication of a work of art like the Aeneid or of a national literature like the Roman, as so to condense all predication about an individual, would be a mischievous error. A broader, and, at the same time, subtler evaluation of ancient literature, Latin especially and Greek to some extent, will grant to imitation, as an artistic principle, a position that is not imperatively and at all points inferior to the modern passion for individualism with its ultimate assumption that the greatest genius is the most original. Classicism rests on the conception of the perfection of types, each type of literary art, as it reaches the finality of perfection, imposing its regular and severe beauty on its succedant subjects. As Wilamowitz finely says, this is not a view of the world dependent on mere esthetic perception or judgment—the stars do not change their course; their harmony is achieved once and forever. Is it not the receptive faculty in the poet's art that wins the fullest warrant to influence every age?

Since Homer forms the background of a fixed artistic tradition in the epic, it follows of necessity that the true distinction of Vergil's art is intelligible only to him who knows well his Homer. You can no more understand Vergil without Homer than understand André Chénier without Greek. And the converse is also true, and the pedagogical moral equally imperative; only he who knows well his Vergil will understand the art of his great exemplar.

For myself let me confess that, when I can follow my own doctrine, I profit even beyond my expectation. I read Latin as literature (mainly in the summer vacation), because I need it to interpret my Greek authors—and not because I follow the example of a certain English scholar, who declared that he read Greek during eleven months, and Latin in what was left of the year, simply in order to see how inferior it was to Greek.

Do you wish to know wherein the Roman poet you teach is truly great? Do you wish to understand the temper of his art and his true originality in the face of his profound indebtedness to Homer, to the Attic dramatists, especially Euripides, to Apollonius Rhodius, and the other Alexandrians, even to Callimachus, who would certainly have said of the Aeneid: μέγα βιβλίον μέγα κακόν?

The answer is as old as Horace's advice to the Pisos—you must con by day and night his Greek models. Vergil's imitation is both superficial and profound. Vergil's originality lies in enriching, refining, intensifying his models, above all, Homer. It lies in the shifting of the application of the borrowed material, in moving to the foreground a new character, in setting tradition aside for artistic reasons, in filling in gaps in tradition, in fusing scenes different

in motive and action, in describing battle-scenes (where the Alexandrians thought rivalry with Homer was impossible), in directing action to the attainment of a definite end, in the creation of sudden revolutions, in abbreviated narration to avoid repetition, in the accentuation of the feelings of his heroes over their purely physical action, in flashing across the scene an emotional sympathy that is at once national, but to a still greater degree the poet's peculiar possession.

But more than this—behind his work lies the majesty of the *imperium Romanum*, behind his work lies a definite conception of the world that takes its outline from the poet's association of the moral with the national impulse. In Vergil there are ethical ideas unrealized in the philosophy of the Greeks, but realized in the march of a nation, a nation in whose history he found exemplified the *exempla maiorum*.

If teachers of Latin in the school or in the college dwarf themselves to a stature that can not look beyond the sea to the 'mother of the arts', if they see in Vergil only the expression of *pietas* and *virtus*, of the sacrifice of self, of manly bearing in buffeting the blows of fate, of pride in the marvelous destiny of the mistress of the world, of the fealty to the gods who lent their confederate aid to the effort of men in upbuilding the *urbs aeterna*, if they see in Latin literature only the voice of the *maiestas populi Romani*, the administrator and legislator of the ancient world, they shut their eyes—great as this vision is—to that even greater aspect of the greatness of Rome—her place as one of the stations in the march of ideas from Greece to the modern world. After all, there are only two driving engines of progress in the world—Hebraism and Hellenism. Roman literature is the conservator, the transmitter of the Hellenic ideal; and that literature has the supreme value of insuring the absence of any break in the continuity of culture between Greece and the world we live in today. The creative energy that marked the classical age of Greece had well-nigh spent itself when Greece became captive. It was time that the ideas engendered by Greece should be taken over by a new race which had gradually developed a style of its own; time, that the old inspiration should be rekindled, and that that inspiration, even if it was not to flame forth with the old intensity, should yet animate a vigorous and noble people that was to rule the world. The spontaneous and irresistible genius of Greece needed to be tempered by the gravity, the moral tone, the deeper national consciousness of the Roman people.

In a larger and wider sense, therefore, Roman literature is not so much the imitator of Greek literature as its successor and continuer. Greek literature and Greek art were not cultural elements merely taken over and absorbed by Rome; they meant to the Romans what they mean to those fortunate moderns who have been touched in like measure by

the informing spirit of Hellenism; they meant, as Pater has expressed it, a "conscious initiation".

I have not come among you to lament the decline of Greek studies in this land of ours that needs them so much. Others bewail, expostulate, beseech. My purpose is different. I say to the teachers of Latin up and down in the land, that, as a matter of fact and not as a matter of sentiment, you have an unique opportunity. The world is not in revolt against the Greek *spirit*. There will yet come another *magnus annus* when, as twice already since men rose out of the darkness of the Middle Ages, there will be felt a deeper need of the enlightening and clarifying agencies that lie in Greek literature as in no other literature.

Meantime, you teachers of Latin, you have put upon your shoulders the increasing responsibility of expounding ancient thought and ancient life, not merely Latin thought and Latin life. For, as I said at the start, ancient literature, for the purpose for which it has any value, is a unit. Greek thought, Latin thought is not atomistic. You teachers of Latin have the task, and the delight, of interpreting the fair things of the Greek spirit through Roman literature which is pervaded in so large a degree by that spirit. To you is intrusted, in no small measure, the responsibility of preserving for this generation at least of American boys and girls (and most of you have only one generation to work with), the responsibility of preserving some sense of the fact that the Vergil and the Ovid you teach have taken to themselves the heritage of the world of a happy breed of men, who possessed the creative faculty in a superlative degree, and who were pervaded by a great love of beauty and ordered intelligence, and by the passion for truth. Without this heritage the warp and woof of the fabric of your instruction had never been, Herbert Spencer to the contrary notwithstanding. Captive Greece *ipsius victoriae victor* gave the breath of life to Roman literature. Your instruction should give life to that fact.

There are, I am told, not a few teachers of Latin, who, through mistaken counsel, meanness of early opportunity, or later self-satisfying acquiescence in a lower ideal, are ignorant even of the small amount of Greek necessary to read Homer with profit and delight. Let such teachers reflect on the words of Erasmus, one of the greatest Latin scholars: *Nam hoc unum expertus video, nullis in literis nos esse aliquid sine Graecitate. Aliud enim est conicere, aliud iudicare, aliud tuis, aliud alienis oculis credere.* Or again: *Verum Graece te scire, mi Batte, percipio . . . quod sine his literas Latinas mancas esse video.* Or yet again: *Quid hoc ad Graecas literas, sine quibus caeca est omnis eruditio?*

Every college, either corporately or through its professors, commits a grave offense against good

morals in education, whenever it recommends as a teacher of Latin any one who knows no Greek; and every school in so far weakens its effectiveness as it accepts any one thus mutilated intellectually for the purpose he is to serve. I say this cognizant, of course, of the fact that this or that teacher of Latin may *per se* be a so-called 'better teacher' than the other man. But this is not the point. The point is that, in so far as he knows Greek, he would be a *better* teacher of Latin.

The remedy for the untoward situation that exists is, of course, simple enough; but in the chaos of our educational ideals a return to a parity of acceptance of Greek with Latin is not a present possibility. Nor have I been directly discussing at all the question of the course of study of the ordinary student. I am concerned only with the existing situation in certain educational institutions as regards those who are, or would be, *teachers* of one ancient language to the prejudice of the other.

Plutarch, in his curious essay entitled, Why the Oracles cease to give answers, relates the story that a mysterious voice was heard off the Isles of Paxi calling to Thamus, an Egyptian passenger on board a ship bound for Italy, and that it bade him deliver its message when he arrived at Palodes. Thamus, for his part, was determined, if the wind permitted, to sail by the place without saying a word; but, if the wind fell and there ensued a calm, to speak and cry aloud as he was able what he was directed. When he was come to Palodes, there was no wind stirring, and the sea was as smooth as glass. Whereupon Thamus, standing on the deck, with his face toward the land, uttered in a loud voice his message, saying, "the great Pan is dead" (*ὁ μέγας Πάν τέθνηκε*). Let us take care lest we have to say: "Yes, and we killed our Pan in our own day".

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HERBERT WEIR SMYTH.

REVIEWS

The Sea-Kings of Crete. By Rev. James Baikie, F. R. A. S. With 32 Full-Page Illustrations from Photographs. London: Adam and Charles Black. New York: The Macmillan Co. (1910). \$2.00.

No tale of adventure is more thrilling than one dealing with hidden treasure, whether it be that buried on a Treasure Island of Robert Louis Stevenson or palaces and whole cities of the ancient world, covered by their own ruins. The title of Mr. Baikie's book is slightly misleading. The contents deal less with personalities than with an entire civilization in all its manifestations. But this is a pardonable fault. For the alluring title introduces us to page after page of brilliant narrative and description, beginning with the heroes of legend and carrying us through the pages of Homer to the actual, surviving monuments of the Mycenaean and Minoan Ages, and ending with a clear, comprehensive survey of the

culture of that brilliant epoch. Originality is not attempted, the author's sole object being to present to the unprofessional reader a clear and interesting account of the results of excavations in Crete. Even for the specialist, however, this is a valuable summary. Balance and judicious selection of material are seen throughout. The reader's mind is prepared at the start by the suggestive legends and an account of Dr. Schliemann's romantic life—so properly included—for just such discoveries as those at Knossos, Phaestos, and other Cretan sites. The author's vivid narration of the gradual uncovering of the palace at Knossos gains its particular charm from his method of bringing us close to the excavator in his work, letting us follow this year by year, and quoting freely the excavator's own inspired words to give the brilliant coloring of fresco and of vase as first seen after their burial over 3000 years ago. The fact that this was an easier form of compilation does not detract from the fascination of the story; and it is employed successfully throughout the work.

In his chapter on the relations between Crete and Egypt the author seems particularly at home. The material here gathered, with its elaborate presentation of the theory that the Philistines of the Bible were Minoans from Crete, is perhaps the most valuable portion of the book.

The overthrow of the Minoan Empire is attributed to "its own children, the descendants of men whom Knossos herself had sent forth to hold her mainland colonies". In treating of the other great problems attaching to prehistoric Greece his attitude is expository rather than controversial. It is unnecessary to burden such a book with manifold theories. And usually the stand is conservative and safe.

Repetition is the chief fault of the book. It is quite unnecessary, when mentioning the Vaphio cups, three successive times to compare them favorably with the work of Renaissance goldsmiths, using on each occasion nearly the same words (pp. 51, 109, 123). Similarly, the Dorian invasion is twice qualified by "or whatever inrush of wild northern tribes the Greeks may have called by that general title" (pp. 33, 62). Clearness is gained in the survey of the concluding chapters by the repetition. But without sacrificing clearness, through varied expression and less detailed description, much of this could have been avoided.

The thirty-two plates, each containing in some instances two photographic illustrations, are excellent for the most part. A wider field might have been covered by omitting a few of the pictures of the large jars of the palace magazines. But most of them are well-selected. Reference, however, is rendered difficult not only by their distribution according to the publisher's wishes rather than following the text but also by the author's unfortunate habit of withholding the plate-number until his description

of the object is completed. Yet, the mere presence of these in a book of moderate cost at once sets *The Sea-Kings of Crete* above such valuable but unillustrated works as *The Discoveries in Crete*, by R. M. Burrows, and *Crete, the Forerunner of Greece*, by Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hawes. Anyone familiar with Mosso's *The Palaces of Crete* will admit that, however superior its illustrations, it has no value otherwise. Mr. Baikie's work possesses both charm and substance. Nowhere else certainly in English can there be found so comprehensive, up-to-date, and well-written a survey of the results of the last ten years of exploration in Crete. All teachers of Greek and Ancient History should own it and it cannot fail to fascinate everyone possessed of a fondness for romance and adventure.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

KENDALL K. SMITH.

The *Evening Telegram*, New York City, for January 9 last, contains two interesting illustrations of a model of a Roman house, built by students of Normal College, New York City, under the direction of Miss H. H. Tanzer, an Instructor in Latin in the College. The students of Normal College believe that no other school or college in this country possesses a model of a Roman house built entirely by its students. The students of the College are working also on a model of a Roman camp and on a model of Pliny's villa.

The Roman house is regarded by the students as their best work. It was designed and built by twelve young women students in the college, and as it was done after the regular class recitations had been completed, they received no academic credit for it. It took almost a year to complete the work, as the students devoted to it only a few hours each Friday afternoon.

The views show the house as seen from the front and as seen from the rear, where the garden is. The house of Pansa at Pompeii was used as a model. The model seems to measure eight feet by ten.

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